

## WON BIG MONEY.

Three Lucky People Who Invested in the Louisiana State Lottery.

At the recent drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery, \$60,000 of the prize was won by three St. Louisans, \$5,000 of the third capital prize of \$50,000, also came to two lucky St. Louisans.

August Kalmeyer, who is the proprietor of a saloon at the Southwest corner of Sixth and Franklin avenues, held a one-twentieth part of the \$50,000 prize. A Star-Sayings reporter called upon Mr. Kalmeyer at his saloon this morning, and found him in excellent humor. Mr. Kalmeyer said: "I never played the lottery in my life before, but just a few days prior to the last drawing a friend of mine, whose name I cannot mention, came to me, and he said: 'Henry, poor people are getting rich in this lottery game.' I said I knew that, but I said: 'Let us give in a half dollar each on a ticket this month.' The next day we purchased the ticket—the number of it was 75,390—and I was never so astonished in all my life as when I heard that it drew \$2,500. I got the money a week ago, and gave my friend his half. I intend to keep the money in my business, but shall play the lottery right along, though, my friend, I guess he is having a good time for I haven't seen him since."

Mrs. Amelia Partenheimer, who resides at 915 Monroe street, was also a winner to the extent of \$2,500, she having held another twentieth ticket of the \$50,000 prize. Mrs. Partenheimer in a conversation with a reporter to-day, said: "It was a great surprise to me to win that much money, but I believe that you are bound to win at it some time, sooner or later. I have not played the lottery much; but I thought I would play it last month, at all hazards. My husband was very glad when he heard that I had made the winning. I guess I will use a good deal of the money on more lottery tickets."—(St. Louis (Mo.) Star-Sayings, August 29.)

## SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

How It Comes About and the Materials Which Cause It.

From all the principles of chemistry spontaneous combustion is a possible, and, in fact, a frequent phenomenon. Prof. Wm. F. Toney, the chemist, says the flame in such cases invariably arises from a combustion of oxygen with some material favorable to producing heat.

Wherever there is turpentine there is always danger of spontaneous combustion. If the substance be poured on rags, especially when they are soaked with grease, fire is likely to result. Furniture establishments and all places where oils and turpentine are kept are especially liable to visitations from fires of inexplicable origin.

Hay, when moist and packed tightly, ferments by a natural process and absorbs oxygen so freely as to produce flame in many instances. Sulphuric acid if allowed to come in contact with lagging at fertilizer factories is also a source of great danger. The same acid, if mixed with water, produces intense heat.

A common source of unexpected combustion is the gas which escapes from a jet which has been carelessly left open. Gas and common air produce an explosive compound which can be touched off like gunpowder by a tiny flame.

Prof. Toney says it is very difficult to prevent combustion which arises from natural combinations, although thorough ventilation and cleanliness in private houses and business establishments will go a long way toward reducing the danger. The phenomenon is common to all seasons, although a temperature of 70 or 80 degrees, which is high enough for fermentation, is most favorable to it.

An accumulation of inflammable material is always to be avoided. It was once believed that human bodies, especially those of infants, were liable to take fire and be consumed spontaneously, but the theory finds but little acceptance in these days.

## Furbelows of Fashion.

Alpaca reigns.

According to reports are retained.

"Sunshine yellow" is the latest.

Black velvet trims light cashmere dresses.

The box turban hat turns up all around the crown.

Green and mahogany combine in some of the newest costumes.

Plain bodices, princess dresses and polonaises are all in high favor.

Jacket waists and corsages with extremely elaborate fronts remain with us.

Ribbon trimmings are much sought after and are put on in an infinity of ways.

Steel gray is the favorite alpaca; though it is pleasantly varied by black shot with pale gray.

Petticoats of white embroidery and batiste will soon give way to colored silk, lined with flannel.

Dresses of camel's hair and velvet have the draperies of the camel's hair and the skirt of velvet.

Very few foot platings are used on skirts. Borders, bands of ribbon in velvet and facings are the rage.

Striped silk petticoats, with an adjustment of color to correspond with any nationality, form a fad for fall and winter.

A Man Without a Head.

A curious story is related of the Count de Brancas. One day he was reading by the fire in his study when the nurse brought him a child newly born to him. The Count threw away the book and took the child on his knee to play with it. By-and-by a visitor was announced, and the Count, forgetting all about the child, and remembering only that he had been reading a book, threw the poor infant carelessly to the table. What a mercy did not throw it into the fire! It is recorded of La Fontaine, noted for his absent-mindedness, that he once attended the funeral of one of his most intimate friends, and shortly afterward called to visit that friend. When reminded by the astonished servant of the recent death, he was at first terribly shocked, and then remarked: "True; of course, I recollect now—I went to his funeral."

She Glodes.

At noon yesterday a woman stood at the corner of Fort and Griswold streets to take a car for the exposition grounds. When one came along it was an open one and every seat crowded. It stopped, of course, and she walked its length and back without discovering a vacancy. Then she fastened her eyes on the middle seat, gave her folded umbrella a whirl and brought it down to "charge bayonets" on the outside man and shouted:

"You hit!"

"He tried it, but he was wedged, and therefore jumped out and ran for the back platform, while she calmly climbed up, squeezed into the space, and called to the conductor:

"Now let her glide!"

## FOR THE LADIES.

### A Few Remarks About Physical Culture, Etc.

Hints for the Toilet—Short Stories About the Sex—Late Styles—New Jewelry.

#### An Autumnal Mood.

All around his loitering tread  
Leaves earthward sweep,  
And slowly heep  
Then on the ground—leaves, brown and red.

Brown, red and veined with ribs of gold,  
They loose and lock,  
Whist down they flock  
To kiss the chill-lipped forest mold.

They whisper, whisper as they fall,  
So very low  
One scarce may know  
From silence their ethereal call.

But heavy is the step of him  
Who now amid  
This host of things  
Flies way. Dark thoughts his eyes make dim.

The splendor of the crimson leaves,  
The full rich flame  
The cold one's claim,  
Are as the brown to him who grieves.

Nay, sadder still since they evoke  
Memories of light  
Long quenched in night,  
Till sharpest pain the heart doth choke.

"The red," sighs he, "is life's spilled wine;  
The gold leaf's core,  
Life's wasted fire,  
That shall with joy no more combine."

—WILLIAM STRUTHERS.

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poor quality. A good glycerine or honey soap is always preferable. Of course one may rely on scented soap from a high-class manufacturer, but it costs more than it is worth. In addition to the soap for bathing, white castile should be kept for washing the hair. Occasionally a little borax or ammonia may be used for this purpose, but it is usually too harsh in its effects.—The Family Doctor.

#### Short Stories About Women.

SHE WAS TOO PREVIOUS.

Mrs. George Renfen, a Massachusetts woman, found a woman's hair on her husband's coat and at once left him and applied for a divorce. The courts held that she had the hundredth part of the necessary evidence, and that her husband proved the hair to have come from the head of his dear old mother.

#### BEYOND HIS JURISDICTION.

When Lucy Whitacker, colored, of Vicksburg, died the other day she said she would haunt Frank Jones, a recreant lover of hers, all his life. He had appealed to the courts for judgment to restrain her from going into the haunting business, but the judge is inclined to regard the case as beyond his jurisdiction.

#### WORDS OF LIVING GOLD.

When Mrs. Hastings, of Carle, N. Y., passed over the dark river, her husband had an epitaph all ready for her monument. A portion of it reads: "She never borrowed one single thing from any neighbor during her thirty-four years of wedded life." What noble sentiment could be expressed in the English language!

#### THEY GET UP STRAIGHT TOGETHER.

Mrs. Nora Buck is the assistant engineer on the Ocean City—A steamer which rides the waters of Great Harbor Bay. Her husband is the manager of the machinery, and in the absence of her husband provides over the engine room with perfect confidence and no little grace. She is as much at home upon the water as on the land; and can handle an oar or manage a sail like an expert. In her capacity of engineer she wears a Tam O' Shanter hat and a big checked apron, which completely covers her neat canonic dress. Mrs. Buck, who is only 19 years old, is the daughter of the manager of Lavallette City, N. J., and the grand daughter of Commodore Lavallette.

#### Novelties in Jewelry.

The bracelet Ville de Paris, souvenir of the Exhibition, just out, is a jewel very finely finished, in fact too finely finished, in my opinion, to sell well. It is of polished silver, handsome style, the two branches united by a shield bearing the town coat-of-arms in gold. All around the coat-of-arms and branches are silver stars in repousse.

#### A Shell Brooch of Polished Silver.

The latest out in Eiffel Tower style. One with the ground work of the shell slightly hollowed has a gilded Eiffel Tower, and around the shell are gold stars. I have not yet seen anything so charming nor so cheap in Eiffel Tower jewelry.

#### The revival of the "Maschette" at the Bouffes.

The Bouffes has given a new lease of life to a host of jewelry loving ladies in drawers, etc. In fact within the last few days there has been a revival of the "Maschette" windows the bracelets, collars, etc., which were created by this piece.

#### The lion and the sun are the well-known

of the Shah of Persia, and it was naturally to be expected that something new would be brought out in jewelry subjects. I have as yet seen nothing in the shape of the lion, but the sun has given rise to a host of creations in brooches and pins. The brooches are generally ornamented with colored stones, while the pins are composed entirely of diamonds. In any case the jewelers are beginning to devote their attention to this, and may perhaps obtain better results than they have up to the present.—Jewelers Weekly.

#### This is Now the Rage.

The house gown illustrated above is made of white cotton crepe, with a conventional design in blue and white. The Kimonos are cut with two straight breadths in the back and two in the front, with an attached strip on each edge of the front from the neck half-way down, to the ankle, wide lap, or in other words, they are cut precisely like the Japanese gowns worn by the "three little maids from school."

The sleeves are each a doubled width sewed in straight at the shoulder, and are worn longer by the women of Japan than by the men. These sleeves also serve as pockets, and the neck of the gown is finished with a wide rolling collar. The Kimonos are wrapped well around the body, and generally confined with a sash.

There is a new satin-striped pineapple gauze, recently imported from Japan, which will make lovely evening gowns, for it is so effective, as well as durable and imperishable. It is so durable that it may be rumpled and crushed, a day's time will bring it out as smooth and fresh as ever. As yet it has only been imported in white, but later in the season it can be obtained in all the pale pleasing tints. The white costs about a dollar and a quarter a yard.

#### THE SPIDER.

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## AN AWFUL SPECTACLE.

Watching the Deadly Tarantula Making Up Its Mind to Bite.

We had camped down on the plains of Texas one noon to boil a cup of coffee and get a bite to eat, and while Private Malony was getting the coffee ready, three or four of the men stretched out for a quarter of an hour's sleep. There were seven of us, United States Dragoons, searching for horses which had broken away, and "Big George," as we called him, who was a sergeant, was in command. I was very wide awake, having caught sight of a snake moving off as we came up, and as the sergeant lay on his back, his face sheltered from the sun, I looked him over and admired his proportions. He was a man who stood exactly 6 feet tall in his stockings, weighed 218 pounds, and it was no trick at all for him to take two of the strongest men in the regiment and hold them at arm's length or dance them about like puppets.

#### HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN TEN MINUTES AFTER

It lay down that I suddenly caught sight of a tarantula on his breast—the largest and most horrible looking specimen I ever saw, and I lived for seven years among them. The sergeant had on the regulation cavalry jacket, and it was buttoned all the way up. He lay on the broad of his back, arms down beside him, and I had